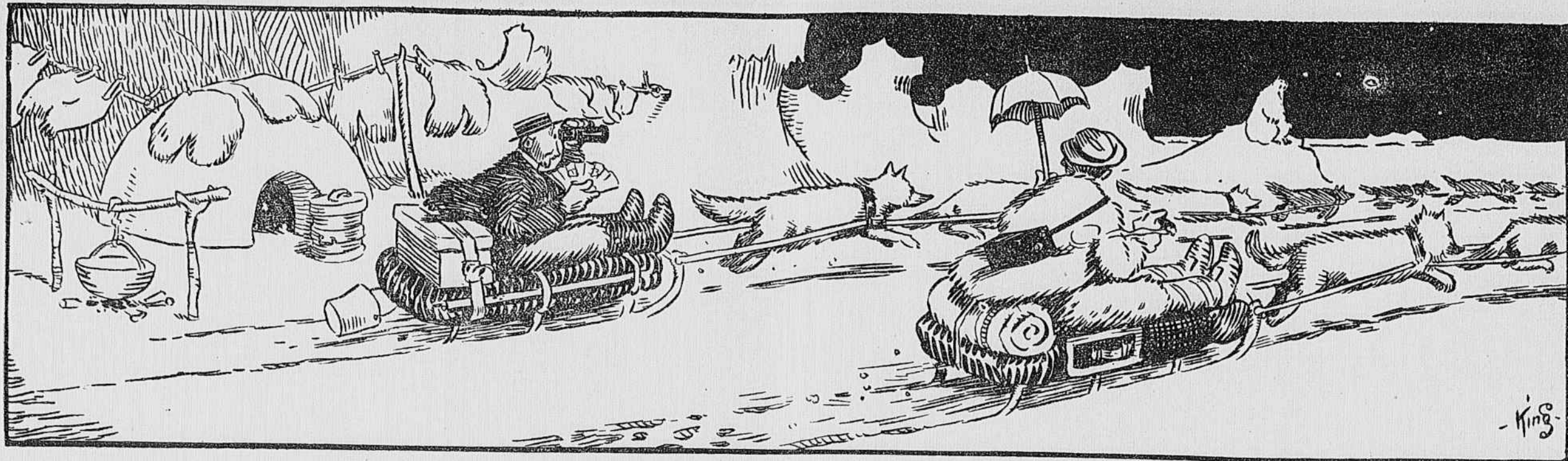


# MR. DOOLEY ON THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUTH POLE—BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE



"Takin' off all but eight pairs iv pants we started on our dash to th' pole."

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Hennessey, "it's a grand thing to think that both th' south an' th' north poles was discovered in our lifetime."

"It must be very comfortin' to ye," said Mr. Dooley. "I can't think iv annything that ought to give a man more pleasure afther he is dead thin to know that he was alive whin the poles were found to be where nearly ivrywan always knew they were. I don't get as much injymint out iv it as ye do. I ain't surprised. Fifty years ago in a jography in Ireland I read about th' south pole, an' iver since thin I've known just where it was an' about what it looked like. If Cap Amundsen had come to me I wud've told him an' made no charge. As it is, th' foolish man has been gone fr'm home fr' more thin a year without a shave or a clean shirt to his back, an' he don't know anny more thin I larned whin I was hardly knee high. So whin he comes back an' says, 'Hooray (Copyright), th' south pole is still there (Copyright), an' surrounded be ice (Copyright),' all I can say is, 'I knew it, Cap.'"

"Mind ye, I say nawthin' agin him. If he wudden't take me wurrud fr' it he did me a kind iv a service be goin' out an' provin' that I was right. Not that I need corroboration, d'ye mind, fr'm anny Norwegyan that iver skeed, but 'tis a comfort to know that it took him wan year on th' ice to find out what I cud've told him without movin' out iv a rockin' chair."

"An' annyhow 'twas a gr-rand thing fr' science, Hogan tells me. It added, he says, to th' store iv human knowledge. A quare place that same store is, an' I'd hate to be th' storekeeper an' wait on custymers who cudn't find what they needed to match what they knew already or wudden't know how to use what I sold them. Somethin' it looks like a goold mine an' some-times whin I'm low in me mind like a back yard where ivrybody throws what ain't anny value to annywan. Be that as it may, Hogan says it's been a gr-rand thing fr' civvyllization. What's it done, says ye? Let me see. Well, in th' first place it's goin' to make it aisier fr' th' weather prophet to tell which way th' wind'll blow to-morrah. 'Tis his idee that all th' winds comes fr'm th' south pole, an' if he has a man down near there he can watch a wind startin' an' run ahead iv it to th' tellygraff office so's to let th' wurrud know what kind iv a blast to expect. It don't seem reasonable to me, fr' th' way I figure it out

is that all winds fr'm th' south pole must be south winds an' all winds fr'm th' north pole must be north winds an' 'tis on'y whin they bump that ye get the other kind. But I may be wrong."

"Another thing that th' Cap done was to give stately Norwegyan names to all the scenery he run into. 'On October fifth,' he says, 'we spied a magnificent mountain range towerin' many thousands iv feet to'rds th' heavens. This sublime monnymint iv nature had gone all these years without a name. I made up me mind to give it a monnicker that was worthy iv it, so I called it th' Ole Oleson range afther a frind iv mine in Christyansen.' So now a jography iv th' ann-artic regions, Hinnissy, will look like a map iv Minnesoty. But th' biggest thing he done I've saved fr' th' last. Afther travelin' thousands iv miles over ice an' snow, climbin' mountains an' battlin' with th' tempest, he reports that he took observations with th' theobylyte, th' arty-feyal horizon, th' fryin' pan, an' th' appyite an' discovered that a dog is good to eat. Dogs discovered this about me long ago, but I niver suspected that whin wan iv these frinds iv man took me be th' leg I cud bite him back without indigstion. To tell ye th' thruth, aven now that I know, nawthin' looks less like supper to me thin me little Carlo. But I'm wrong. An' fr'm now on whin I hear ye whistle fr' Fido I won't know whether ye're affectionate or on'y hungry, an' whin I hear ye say, 'Down, Fido, down,' I'll be afraid to look."

"Have ye r-read what th' Cap wrote about his travels? I'll say this about him that he may be a gr-rear explorer but he's a poor writer. Faith, to r-read his story 'twas as aisy to discover th' south pole as though it'd been brought into th' house to him. He made no more trouble about it thin ye wud about walkin' in th' park. He disappointed me. If a man's a hero lave him be th' first to say so. How can I get up anny enthysiasin over a fellow that didn't suffer anny more all th' time he was away thin I wud if I kicked off th' blanket in me sleep? Nawthin' happened to him at all."

"I was ordred south be me doctors," he says, "to escape th' discomforts iv a spring in Norway. In April we enthered th' ann-artic regions. Th' weather was delightfully crisp an' sparklin', with just enough cold to keep us movin'. Th' timphrachoor niver fell undher four hundred degrees below zero. Th' skeeing was

injoy'ble an' frequent falls iv snow niver more thin sixty or seventy feet deep made th' sleighin' excellent. In August we had brisk weather, but along in October th' spring came with a rush, all nature was awake, an' th' timphrachoor rose to ninety degrees below zero. We found th' change a little relaxin' at first, but he takin' off all but eight pairs iv pants an' siventeen layers iv undherclothes we were comfortable, an' we started on our dash fr' th' pole. It was thin we found out what a frind man has in th' dog. Along about November first we noticed that Towser was weary with his labors an' we et him. Good old Carlo wint next. An' on Christmas day th' always cheerful Fido. I cannot speak too highly iv these cherished frinds ayether," he says, "as common carriers or," he says, "biled. Th' weather at this time had a shtrange effect on th' dogs. Whinver they see th' cook blowin' on th' fire they begun to howl, and wan day whin I attempted to pat little Rover th' threacherous beast bit me an' run away. On Febry foorteenth I observed that iv'ry time I took a step I was goin' north. I thought at first I was out iv me head, but thin it occurred to me that we must be at th' south pole. So I marked it an' come home. I have on'y to put down me scientific discov'ries:

"ICE—We found a practically unlimited supply iv durable ice iv good quality."

"SNOW—We were onable to bring back anny samples iv ann-artic snow, but in a gin'ral way it can be described as snow."

"VEGETATION—Thraces iv canned vigytals were discovered in ou. soup fr'm time to time."

"POPULATION—Ourselves at th' pole. Cap Scott north iv us."

"FAUNA—Wanst we thought we see a bur-rd."

"GIN'RAL OBSERVATIONS—We're here first annyhow. Thank hivens, we bate th' Englishman."

"Now what kind iv a story is that fr me to dig up five cents fr iv a Sundah mornin'? I cud've wrote th' same meself fr half th' money. An' here's ivrybody cheerin' fr Cap Amundsen an' nobody sayin' a kind wurrud fr me old frind th' Dock, who discovered th' north pole without lavin' th' house. Suppose th' Dock had dreamed he discovered th' south pole, thin ye'd have something in th' pa-apers that wud be worth talkin' about. At this pint we encountered a flock iv zebras that I thrained to take th' place iv our tired dogs. At latyude eighty-six forty we discovered a range iv mountains three hundred thousand feet high covered with petrified pink azalyas an' infested with prehistoric monsther, wan iv which, a Bazamalooka, or, as it is pop'larly known, th' Hickthum, I captured be imitatin' th' love call iv th' mate. This strange crather measured forty yards fr'm wing tip to wing tip, an', onlike th' other monsther in this region which carry their young spiked on th' dorsal fin, wheels thin in a kind iv pramylater made iv th' hide iv th' Wappah. I soon made frinds iv me captive an' taught her to sing in a contralto voice, but she took a shtrange dislike to me Eskymo companions, an' whin she had aten four iv th' most prom'nent Republicans iv Upernavik I found it nissary to destroy her. Befure doin' so I carefully preserved an' stuffed th' body, which I left behind with me observations. I have th' check fr'm the baggage room somewheres an' will be very glad to show it to anny larned s'ciety if I can find it. On December sixth somethin' told me I was within shtrikin' distance iv th' pole. It may have been meself. Anyhow, I detarmined on an early start. Breakfast was harly out iv th' way whin we begun our pearloous advance. Our sufferins fr'm that time on wurruds can harly describe. In November we run out iv sponge cake an' five iv our party deserted. On top iv this calamity we were

sthricken with an epydemic iv snuffles, th' most tur-ible iv artic plagues. On Thanksgiving' day our hands were so chapped I cud harly carve th' turkey. In Poughkipsy I took an observation iv th' timphrachoor be blowin' me breath on th' window pane. It was three hundherd and eight degrees below zero. But did I flinch? On consultin' me note book fr' this date I find that I did not. I knew th' coveted goal was in sight. An' so, on th' thirty-first iv Febry, worn out, famished, with wan overshoe gone, half blind with waitin' be th' dim light, me eyes rested on th' lemon grove that surrounds th' south pole."

"That's th' kind iv a way I want me explorations wrote up, not like an account iv a voyage in a hammock. It takes some imagination to make th' ann-artic regions look inthrestin' to me. No wan that iver describes them just as they ar-re will have people hidin' his book so th' rest iv th' fam'ly can't steal it. No, sir. An' th' raison is that th' on'y thing that's ra-aly inthrestin' to man is th' impydynt little scoundhrel himself. Ye can't tell him annything about scenery onless somebody lives in it. A mountain's a mountain an' that's all it is. He don't pay anny attention to it onless somewan thries to climb up it. Th' on'y thing about a desert that's inthrestin' to him is th' little places where a man can get a dhrink. If a fellow sets down to tell a story about goin' through th' jungle an' starts in to tell about th' threes ye go to sleep till a three falls on him or he sees some animal or bur-rd, an' thin ye like to hear most about th' bur-rds or animals that will bite a man. Th' on'y snakes that ar-re iv anny inthrest ar-re them that are pizenous to th' human race. Be hivens, it made me head ache to read about them big cakes iv ice with ne'er a sign iv life in sight. I'd've been glad if he'd run across annything livin' aven if it was a boa constrictor."

An' if he'd said he see an Eskymo—an' I can't think iv anny human bein' that excites me less thin an Eskymo—I'd start up an' say: 'Did ye, thin? An' what was he like? An' what did he say? An' what did he ate? An' what sort iv a lookin' woman was his wife?' But as th' on'y thing I'll remember about this here expedition is that they see a bur-rd wanst, I'll be wondhrin about that bur-rd."

"'Twas a grand thing to do," said Mr. Hennessey."

"I'll find no fault with ye fr sayin' that," said Mr. Dooley. "An' what difference does it make if no wan is anny better off fr th' Cap goin' there? It ain't always th' things that ar-re th' most use in th' wurld that ar-re th' most worth doin'. If it was, most iv us wudden't do annything but set around an' kick. Aven th' fellows that ar-re sayin', 'What good does artic expyditions do? There's no market fr th' ice whin it's found,' ar-re glad to think there's nawthin' on th' face iv th' globe that annywan has heard iv that can bluff out this here little sawed off runt called Man. Ye don't have to promise him annything. All ye have to say to him, 'There is a place where no man has iver been,' an' he'll give a yell iv 'Well, here goes wan man annyhow,' and off he goes, an' if he fails there's a thousand to take his place."

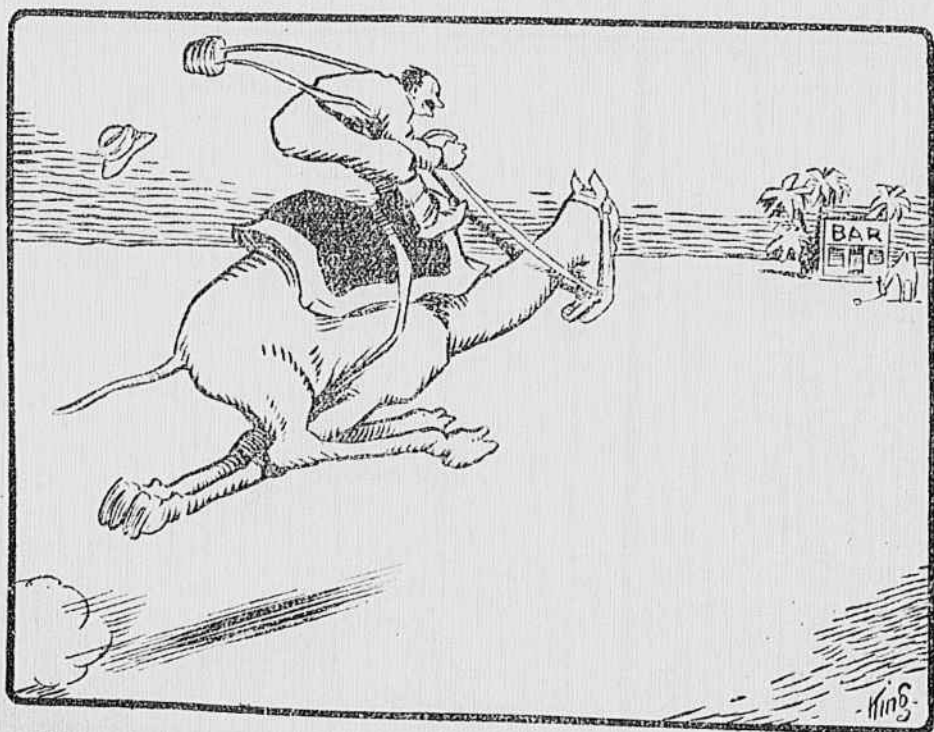
"It looks to me," said Mr. Hennessey, "that there was nawthin' left to explore."

"There's plenty," said Mr. Dooley. "Why, I'm explorin' all th' time. There's wan place I've sailed around a million times an' taken me life in me 'hands thryin' to map out, but all I know is what it looks like at a distance."

"An' what's that?" asked Mr. Hennessey."

"It's name," said Mr. Dooley, "is Hinnissy."

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"Th' on'y thing about a desert that's inthrestin' is th' little places where a man can get a dhrink."



"I captured a Bazamalooka be imitatin' th' love call iv th' mate."